The ſecond part, To the ſame Tune

LOve is a Iewel,
A pretious Iewel, (fights the duel,
'Tis Love muſt ſtinch the blood, when fury
Love is a Bloud-ſtone
hate is a Toad-ſtone, (Load-ſtone
Heaven is the North-point, and Love is the
though fury and ſcorn
Loves Temples have worn. (forſworn.
He'l keep his Covenant, and will not bee
his Laws do not border,
on ſtrife and diſorder, (Murder.
He ſcorns to get his wealth by perjury or

What falſe-hood drew in,
Grace never grew in (ruine,
Love will not raiſe himſelf upon anothers
hee can preſent yee
with peace and plenty (of twenty,
love never advanceth one by throwing down
where Love is in ſeaſon
there Truth is, and reaſon (treaſon,
The ſoul of Love is never underlaid with
he never doth quarrel
for Princely apparel, (barrel.
Nor ever ſit a Chair of State upon a

Love from the dull pit
Of follies full pit (Pulpit,
Nev'r took an Anvile out and put it in a
Love is no ſinker,
Truth is no ſinker, (the Tinkar
In mending breaches, Love did never play
where vengeance and luſt is
no truth is, nor truſt is (of Juſtice
As will appear at laſt in Gods high court
pitty and remorſe is
the ſtrength of Loves forces (with horſes.
Paul never converted men by ſtables fil'd

Mercy is fading,
Truth is degrading, (Trading
Love is the onely cauſe of Plenty, Peace, &
Love is a fire
made of deſire
Whoſe chief ambition is to heaven to aſpire
it ſtops the gradation
of fury and paſſion (a Nation
It governs all good families, & beſt can guide
the low land, the high land,
& my land and thy land (left this land.
Grew all in common ſtrait, when love had

Where Peace is panting
And rage is ranting, (wanting,
'Tis an undoubted ſign the King of Love is
Father and Mother,
Siſter and Brother (nother,
If love be lacking, quickly miſchief one a-
where wrath is, the rod is
that ruines our bodies (God is,
With hate the Devil is, but where love is,
then let us not doubt it,
but ſtraight go about it (without it.
To bring in love agen, wee cannot live

Then let the Graces
Crown our embraces (places,
And let us ſettle all things in their proper
leſt Perſecution
cauſe diſſolution, (fution
Let all purloyned wealth bee made a reſti-
For though now it tickles,
'twill turn all to prickles, (to ſickles.
Then let us live in peace & turn our ſwords
When Noah's Dove was ſent out,
then Gods pardon went out, (Amen to't.
They that would have it ſo, I hope will ſtay

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